

40+

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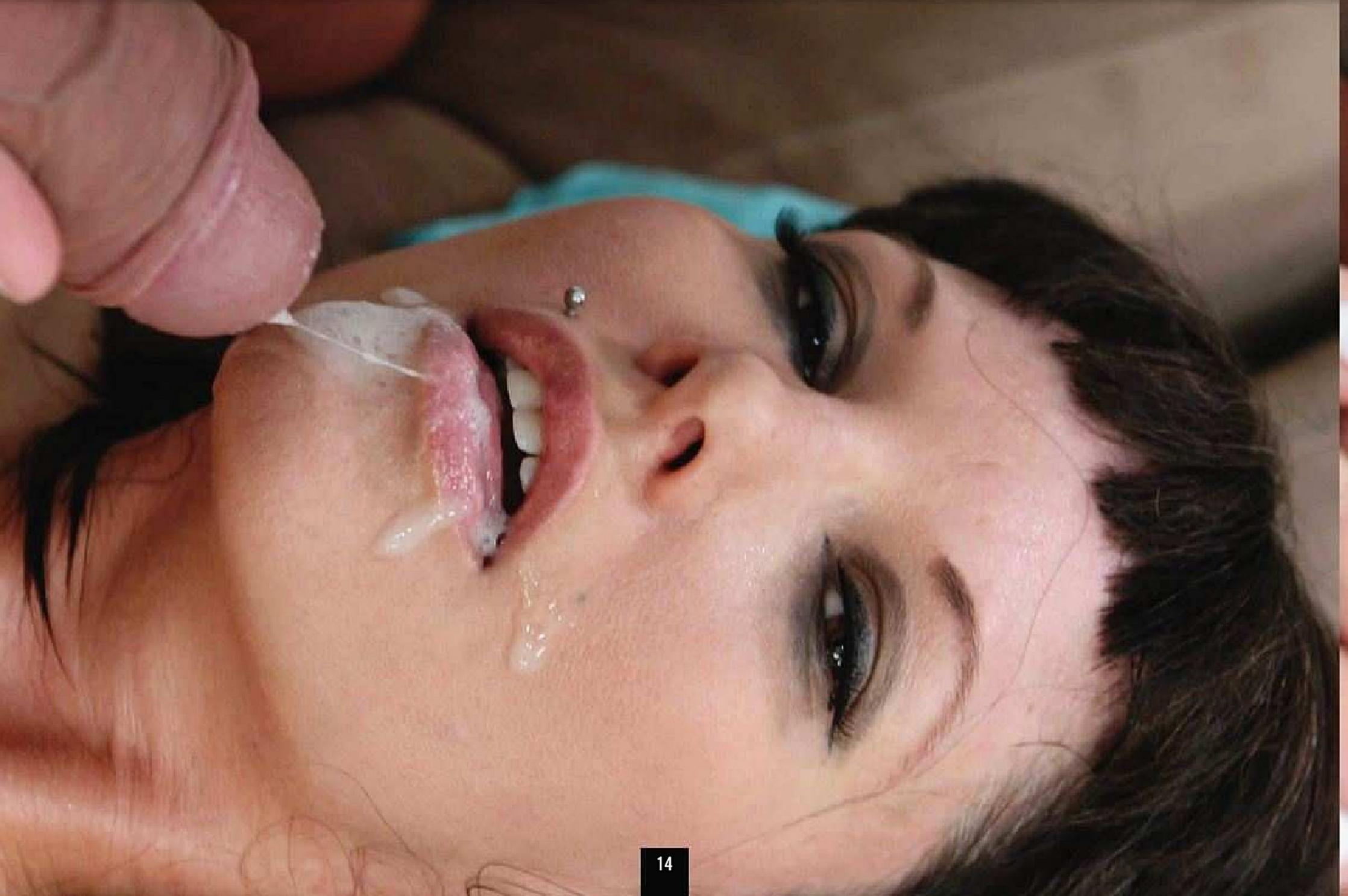








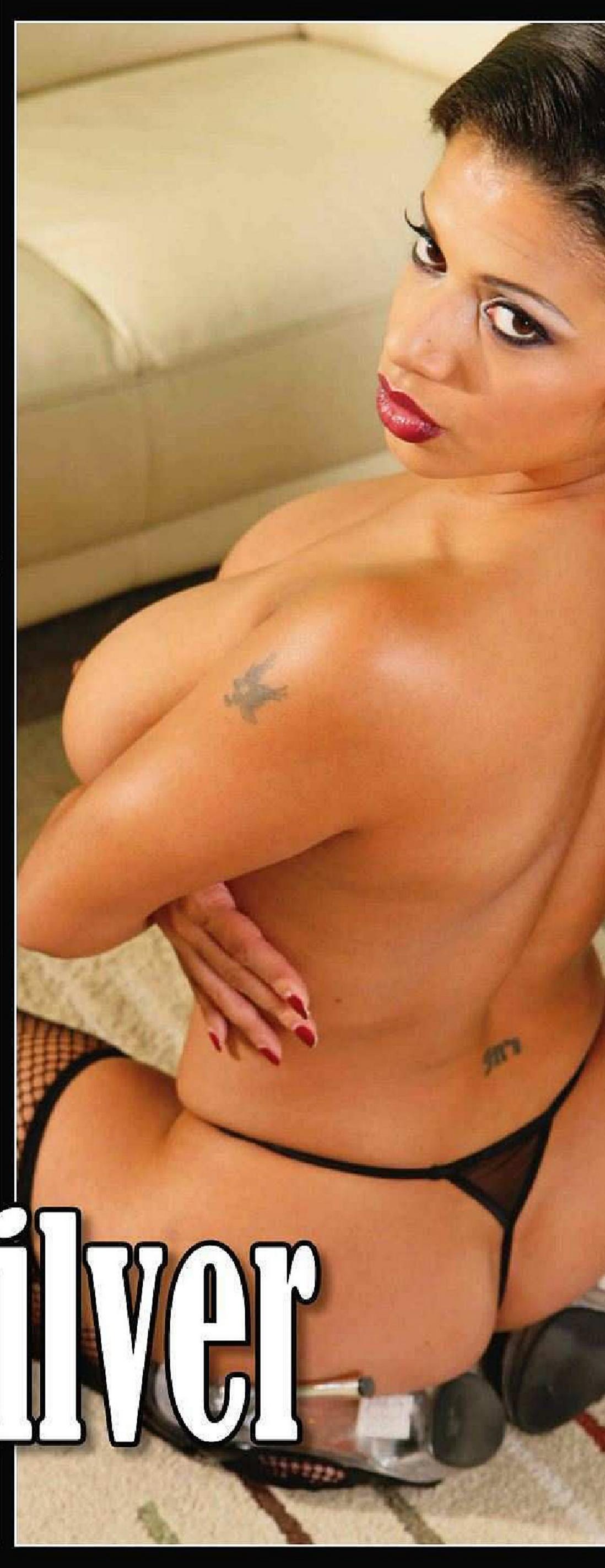
















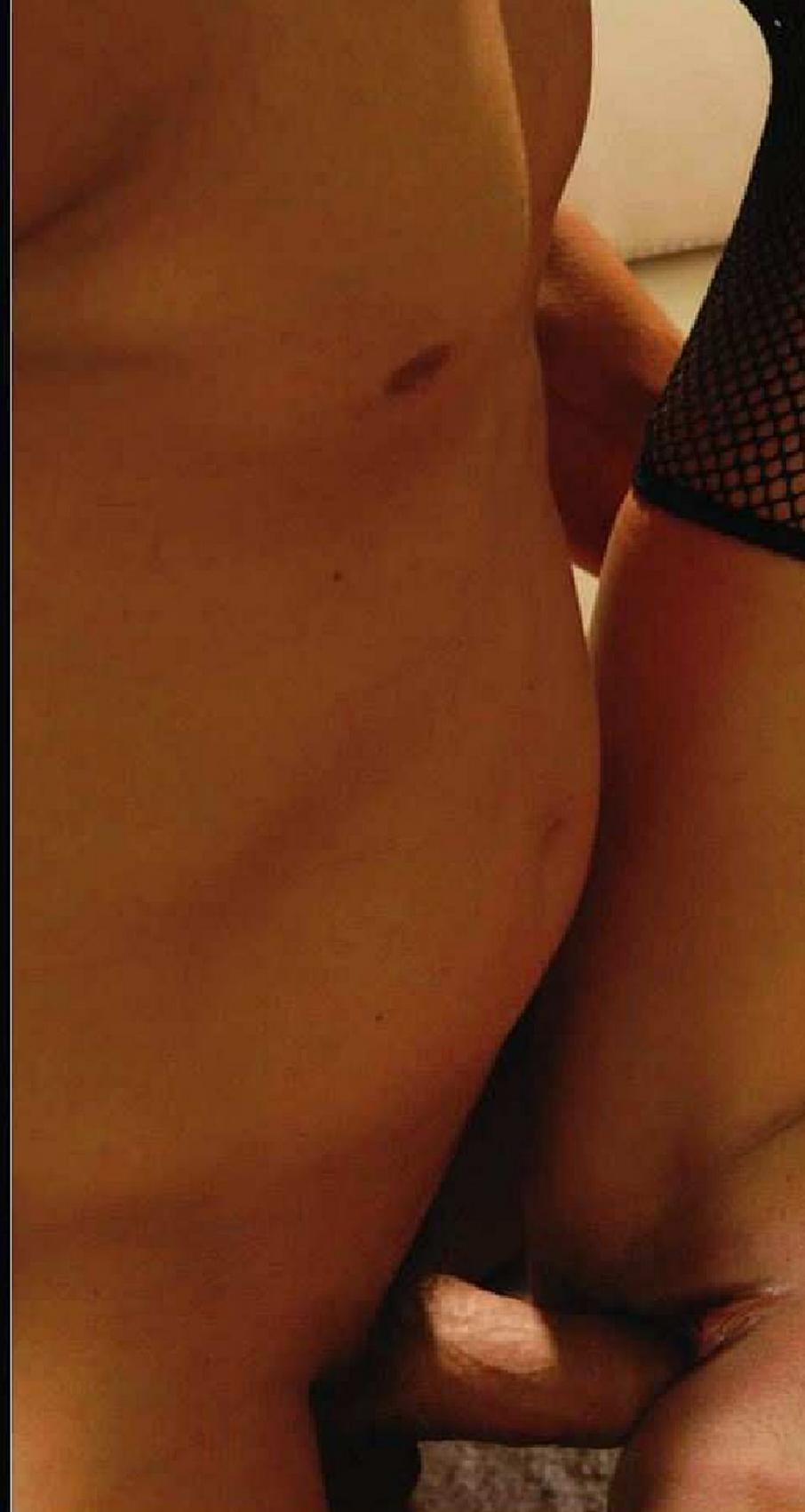








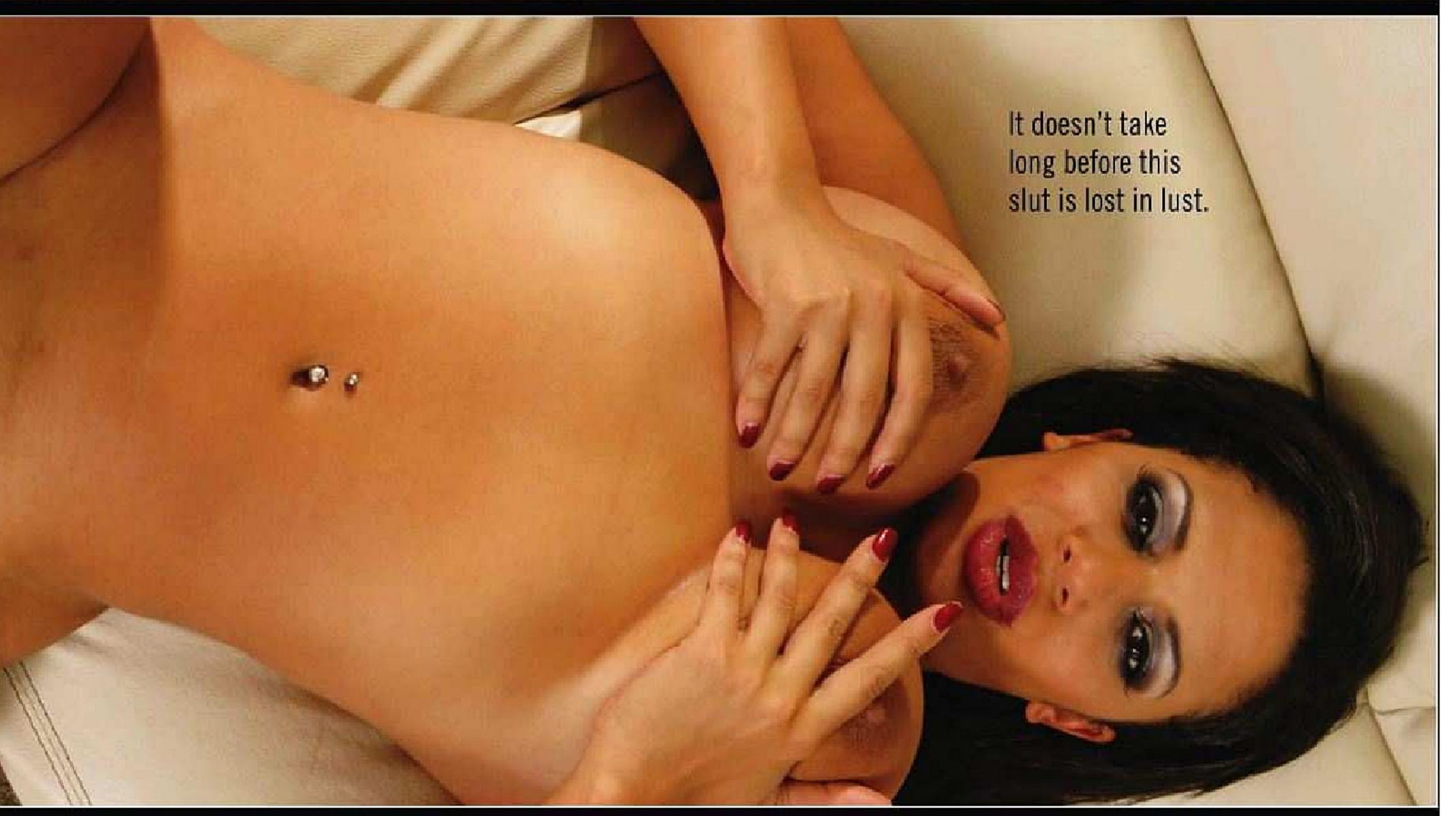












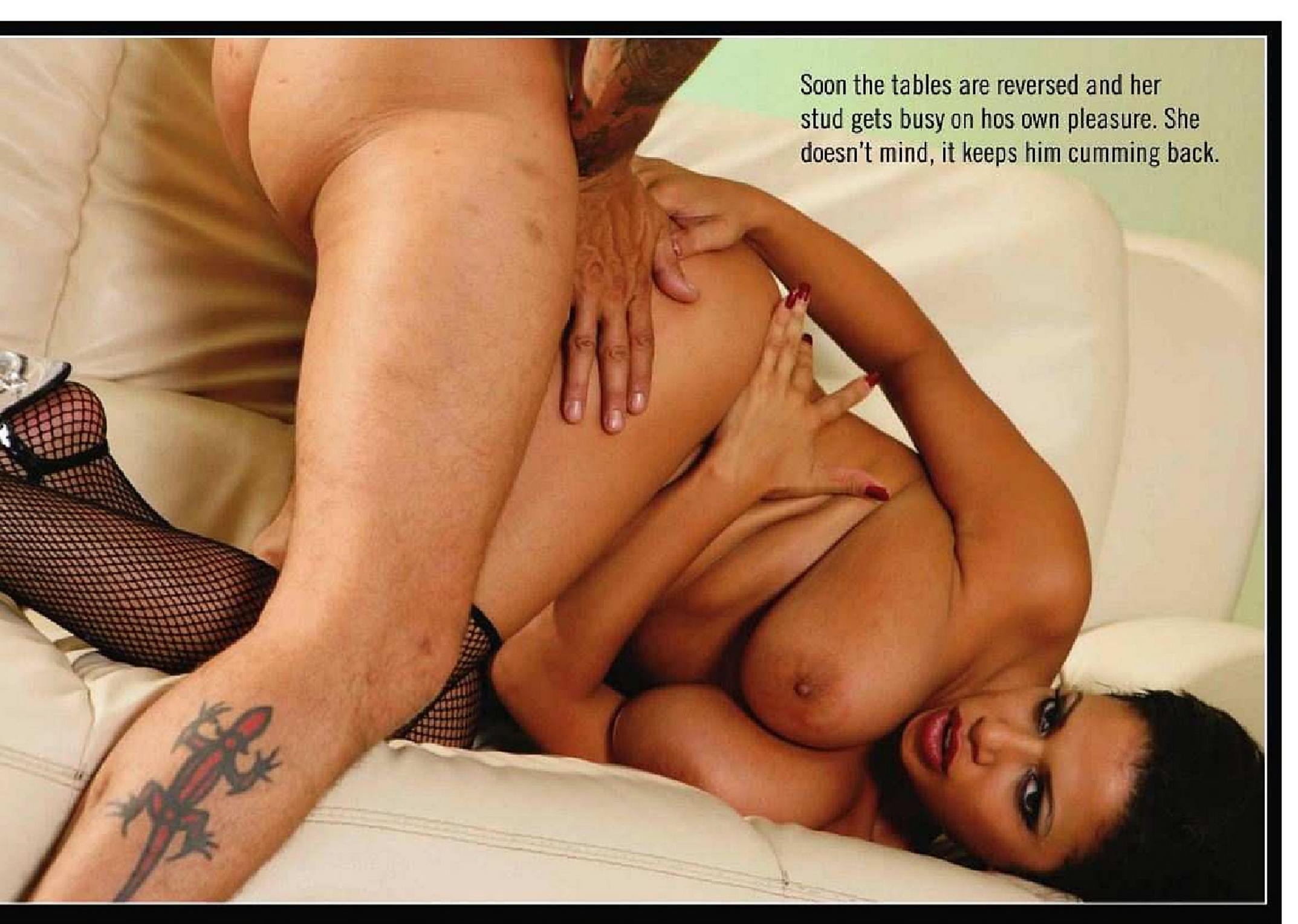




















If y

If you have a story about one or more of your erotic experiences, then go write ahead. You can send your stories to the Editor, Blair Publishing, Inc., 9030 W. Sahara Ave. # 422, Las Vegas, NV 89117. All submissions become the property of Blair Publishing, Inc., and up to our discretion to publish them – or not. Either way, we enjoy reading them all.

I'd just come out of the penitentiary and while inside I'd really worked on my physical appearance. I'd worked out with weights for hours every day and now I've got a physique like you wouldn't believe!

I've got great shoulders, terrific biceps, superb abs and strong, sturdy thighs. Since I'm six two and 160 pounds, I didn't have any problems in the slammer – even the hard cases steered clear of me.

But when I got back home, I wasn't exactly rolling in cash. The second day back, I'd sat down for breakfast and then I looked in the "Sits Vac" section of our local newspaper.

There was one advertisement that stood out. It read: "Strong man needed to chop wood for widow, before winter." And there was a phone number.

I called it and a woman's voice answered. "I'm fit and strong and I'm calling about the wood chopping job," I told her.

She gave me her address and added: "Get yourself round here and I'll give you the once over. If I like the look of you, can you start today?"

I told her sure thing, and pulled on a T-shirt, shorts and training shoes. Although I say it myself, I'd have bet a million-to-one that she'd like the look of me.

I parked the truck outside her address up in the Dover Heights area — yeah, right, money! — and rapped on the front door. A woman aged about 45 to 50, answered the door. She was shortish, with dark brown hair, a white blouse that couldn't conceal great knockers, and a pair of shiny black hot pants. Her sun tan was as good as mine — and her thighs were pretty darn good too!



WORKING UP A SWEAT FOR THE WIDOW

"I'm here about the wood chopping," I told her and I could see her big brown eyes devouring my body. And I mean devouring!

"You look as if you know how to handle yourself," she said. "Come on through and I'll show you the wood shed – and the wood."

I followed her cute little ass as she sashayed through the nice house and out back, in the corner of a big garden, was a wood shed, and alongside a mountain of wood had been dumped. An axe leaned against the wood. "What do you reckon?"

she said, pointing at the pile of wood.

"I reckon it'll take me a couple of days," I said. "Shall I start now?"

She grinned. "There's no time like the present. I'll bring you a pitcher of lemonade in an hour or so, see how you're getting on."

I stripped off my t-shirt and picked up the axe. I've done a lot of chopping, and soon I had worked up a healthy shiny sweat all over my body. I had chopped a fairly good size of wood and some of it I'd stacked in the wood shed. It's very therapeutic, stacking wood.

I was in the wood shed when the widow arrived with a big pitcher of lemonade and a glass. And when she saw my body, she almost let out a gasp. "Wow, that's some

physique you've got there," she said. "You thirsty?"

I wiped my forehead with a handkerchief and nodded. But after she'd put the pitcher down on a big log and the glass with it, she didn't pour any lemonade. Instead, she stepped into my arms and her mouth locked onto mine, and then she was making little purring noises as her hands slid all over my muscled back.

I took this a signal which meant "Anything goes", so I reached down to her back and pushed her tight-fitting little hot pants down, off her glorious butt, and down to her ankles. She didn't release her mouth from mine, but her hands worked on my shorts and soon they were down at my ankles and she was stroking my cock and balls.

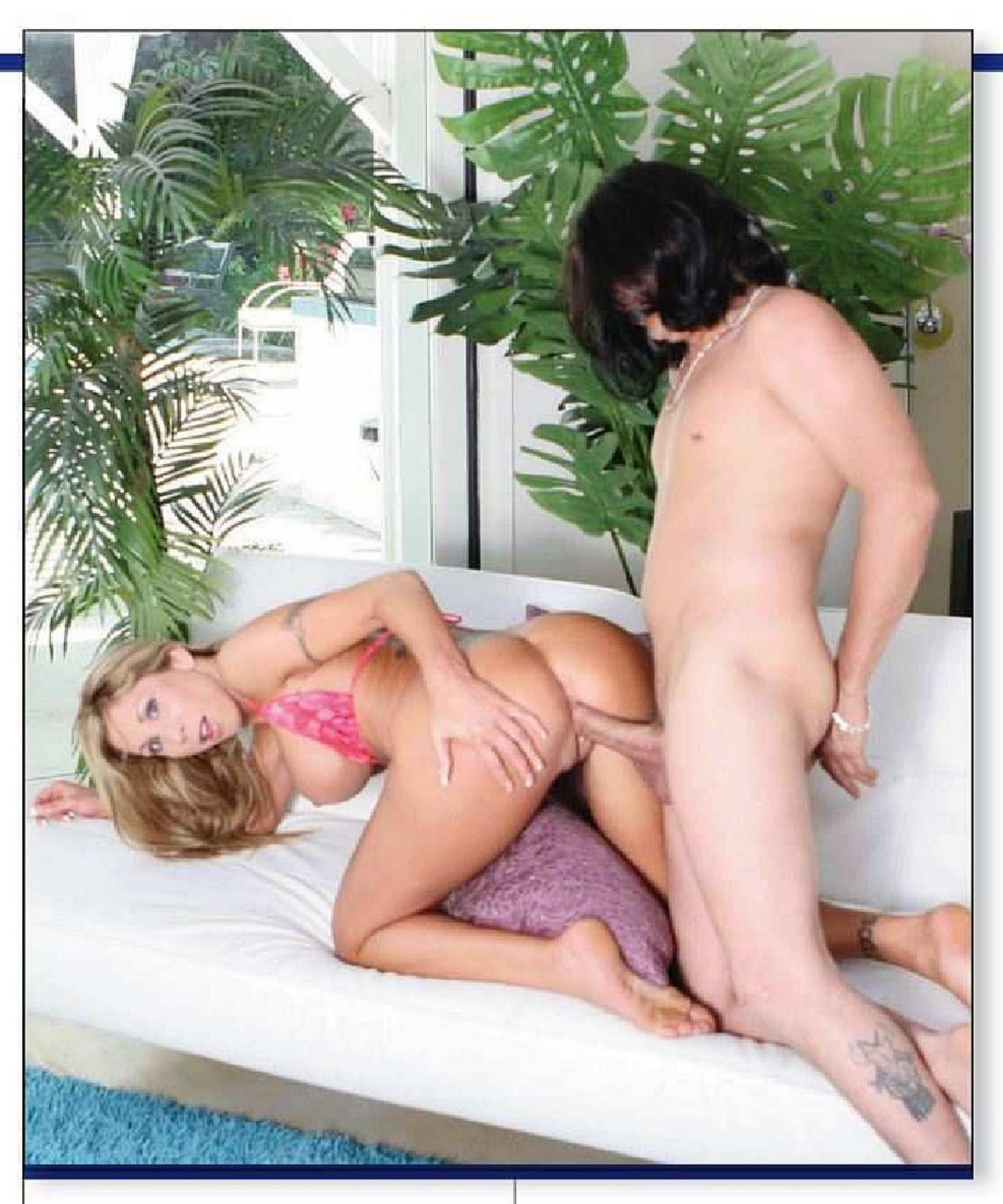
When she'd got my cock to a full erection — and that's eight and one half inches of uncut meat — she paused from eating my mouth and lips. "Hell, this cock's almost as beautiful as the rest of you," she said, and her voice was all thick and lusty.

I grunted, but didn't say nothing — I was too interested in sliding my fingers down her butt crack and driving into her slippery, shaved pussy. She was fuckin' wet, and I pushed a finger up her cunt. She didn't object, so I turned her around and made her push her hands against a pile of the wood that I'd stacked.

She was wearing little cross-trainer running shoes and she spread her feet wide. I didn't need no second invitation, and putting one hand on my stiffy I pointed my cock's helmet to her sweet, saturated cunny and slid into her. She was quite tight, but very, very wet and I drove easily up her vagina.

As I pushed deep into her, I reached around the front of her blouse and pulled it away from her sticky wet body and cupped her big boobs — she weren't wearing no bra. Her globes were heavy, her nipples hard as bullets against my palms.

I humped her hard, and she was moaning and groaning, saying things like "That's it, fuck me deep with that huge fuckin' cock" – stuff that really encourage a guy while he's fuckin' away, you know!



And then I came, a long, slow, heavy, hard and hot explosion. I pulled out and she reached down, picked up her hot pants and pulled 'em up to cover her crotch. "Drink up that lemonade 'fore it gets all warm," she said. "And I'll be back in another hour. Perhaps we can do it again!" Well, the lemonade was still cold, and I drank down four glasses of it, then attacked the wood. It was around midday — maybe a bit past it — when she walked back into the woodshed, with another pitcher of lemonade and a fresh glass. Only difference was that she still had on her trainers, only her blouse and her hot pants were gone.

This time, I knelt in front of her sweet-smelling snatch and ate her to a noisy fuckin' climax — although since we were in the wood shed, I doubt if any of her neighbors heard the commotion. And then I rammed her from behind, same as the first time.

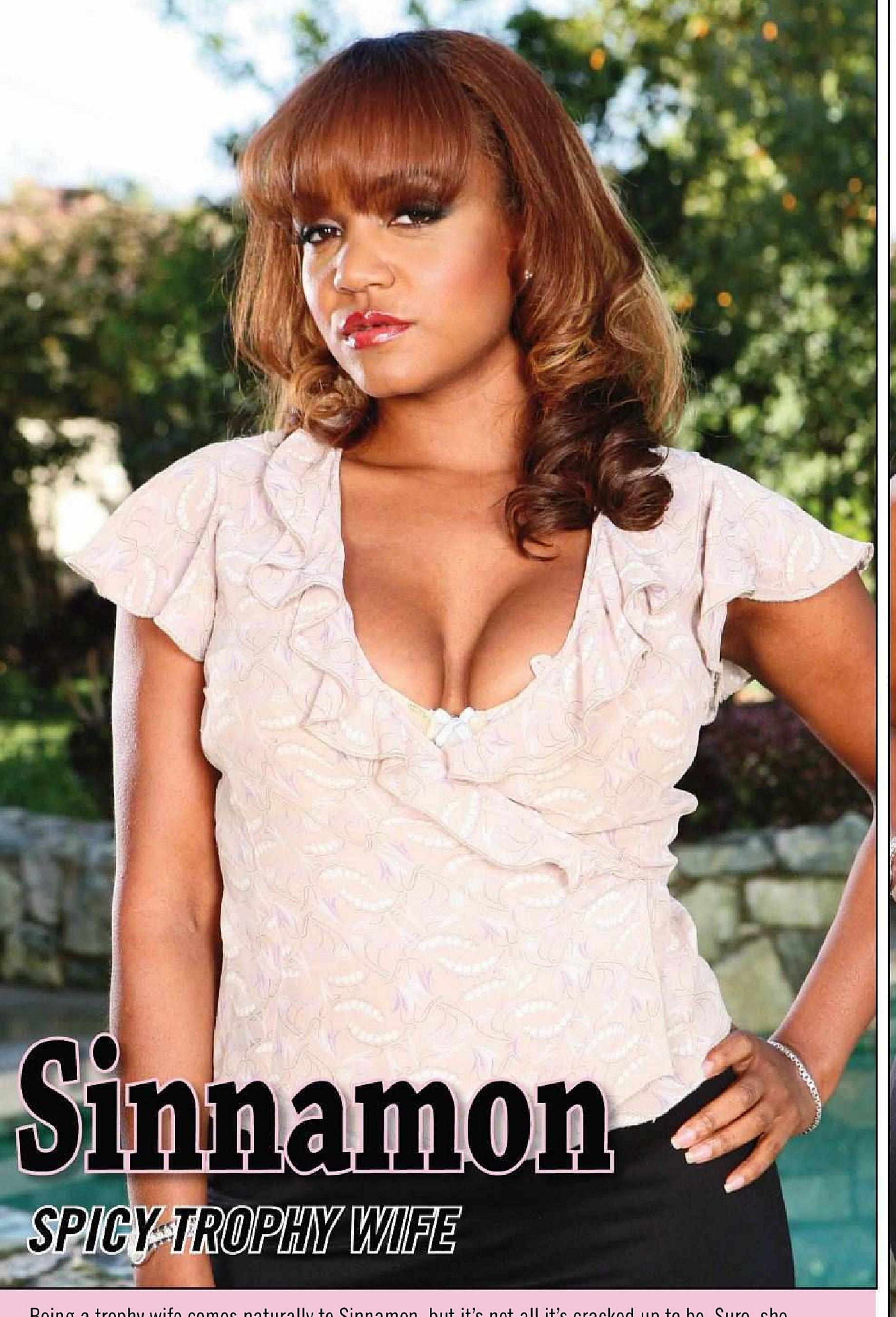
When I done, she watched while I sank four

more glasses of lemonade and looked at me, and my naked, sweat-stained body. Then the widow looked around at the pile of wood still outside the little shed.

"I reckon you've got a couple more days work here, Mr Axe Man," she grinned. "Let's see, another pitcher of lemonade before you finish up today, then six more on the next two days. I make that another seven fucks. Reckon you're up to it?"

Already my cock was starting to slide back up to another hard-on. "Sure," I told her. "Only next time I might need a little encouragement from your mouth, ma'am."

And this time, she watched as I worked, her fingers playing with her pussy as she looked on. I didn't object, I was encouraged by the thought of her mouth on my cock before our next fuck!



Being a trophy wife comes naturally to Sinnamon, but it's not all it's cracked up to be. Sure, she doesn't have to go to work, she doesn't have to lift a finger around the house and she doesn't even need to take care of her kids because everything is taken care of by her husband's money. She always gets what she wants when it comes to material things, but staying at home gets lonely and there are some things she just can't get from her hubby. That's what young stud neighbors are for.



















Being a good neighbor, she'll do anything for her fuck toy. She knows full well that playing with her clit while he watches



































Victoria does not stay still. She bends and moves on the bed like a real porn queen, pumping the dick she knows she deserves.























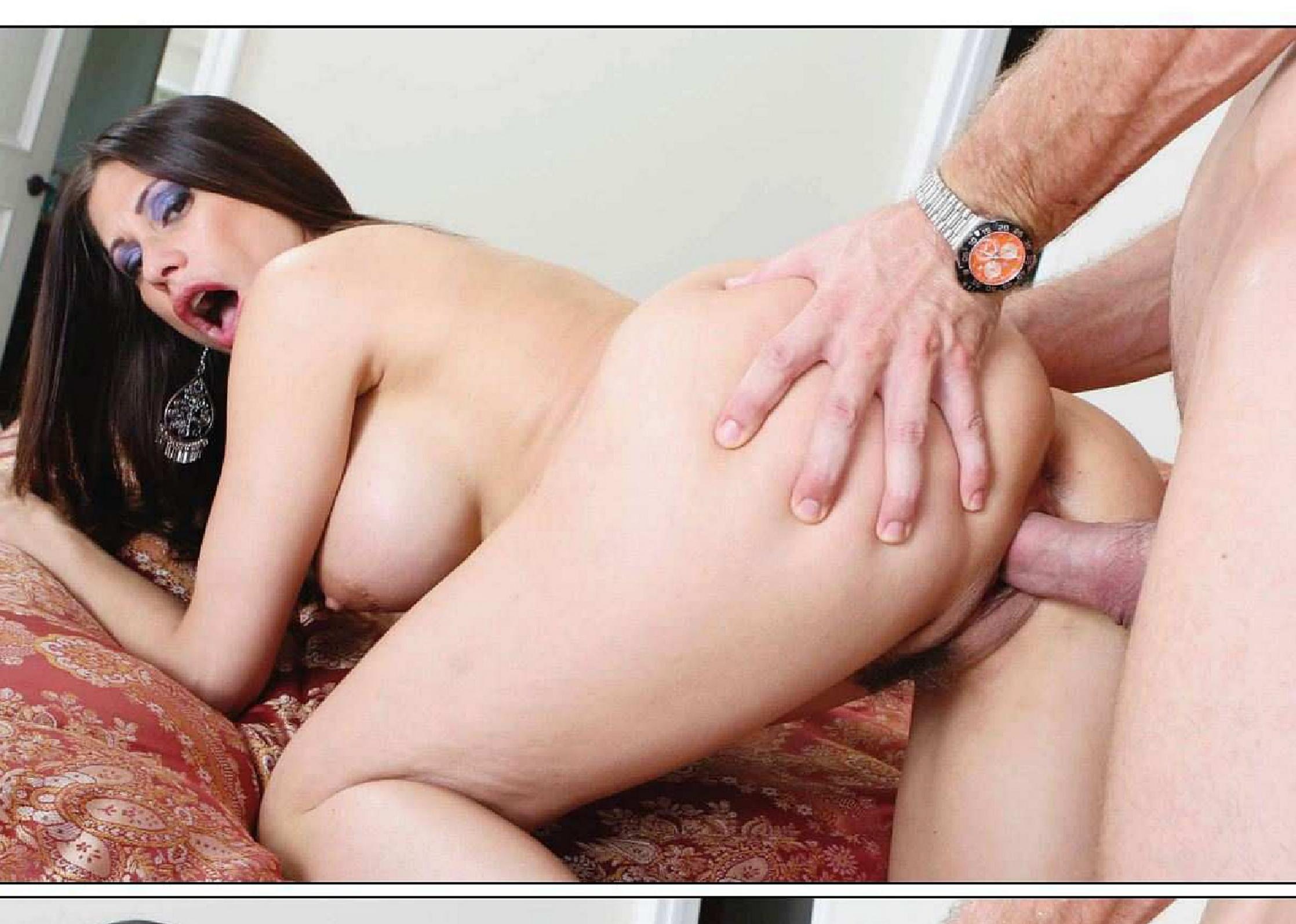








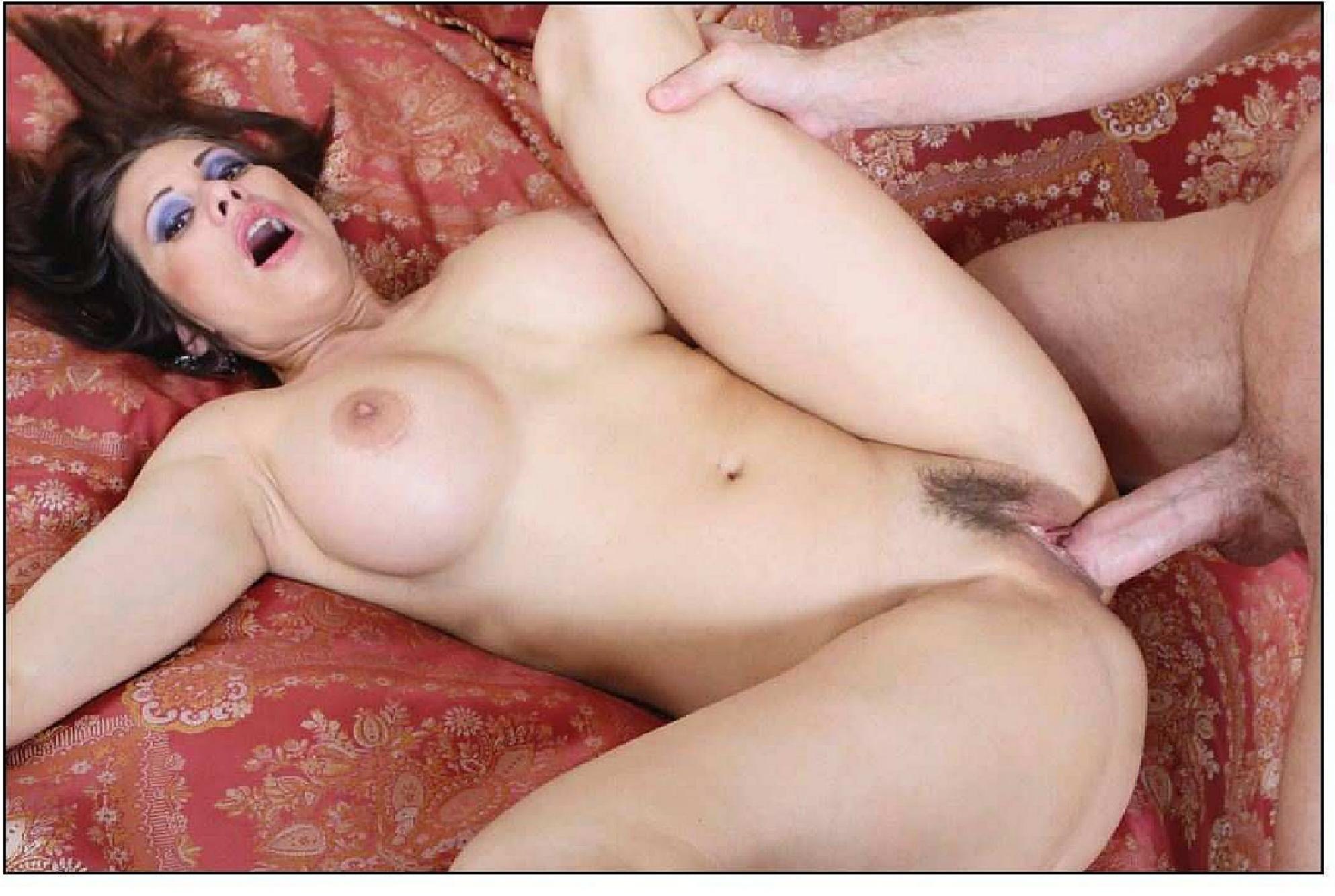






Sheila spent too many years without the touch of a man. She squeals and bucks at every touch from a hot prick.

























Her young, cute face and bountiful assets made Mae the perfect candidate for burlesque dancing. Even now, in her forties, she hasn't lost an ounce of her smoking-hot sexiness. She's been working at the same club for ten years and is still as popular as ever. No surprise, the men aren't blind. But there is one problem: getting naked in front of strangers always makes Mae sopping wet. The only way she can keep from exploding is by inviting someone from the audience to a private show in her dressing room.











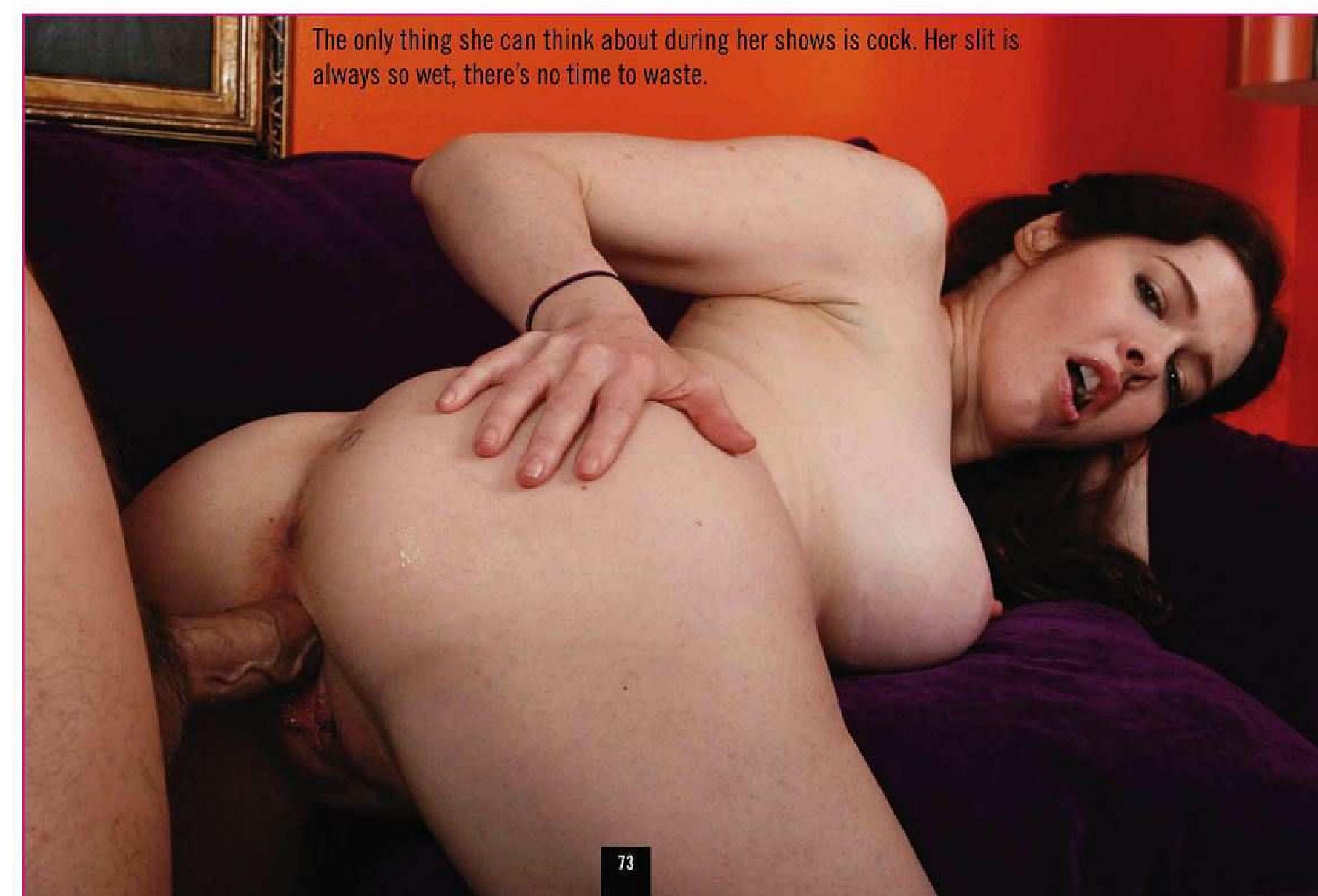












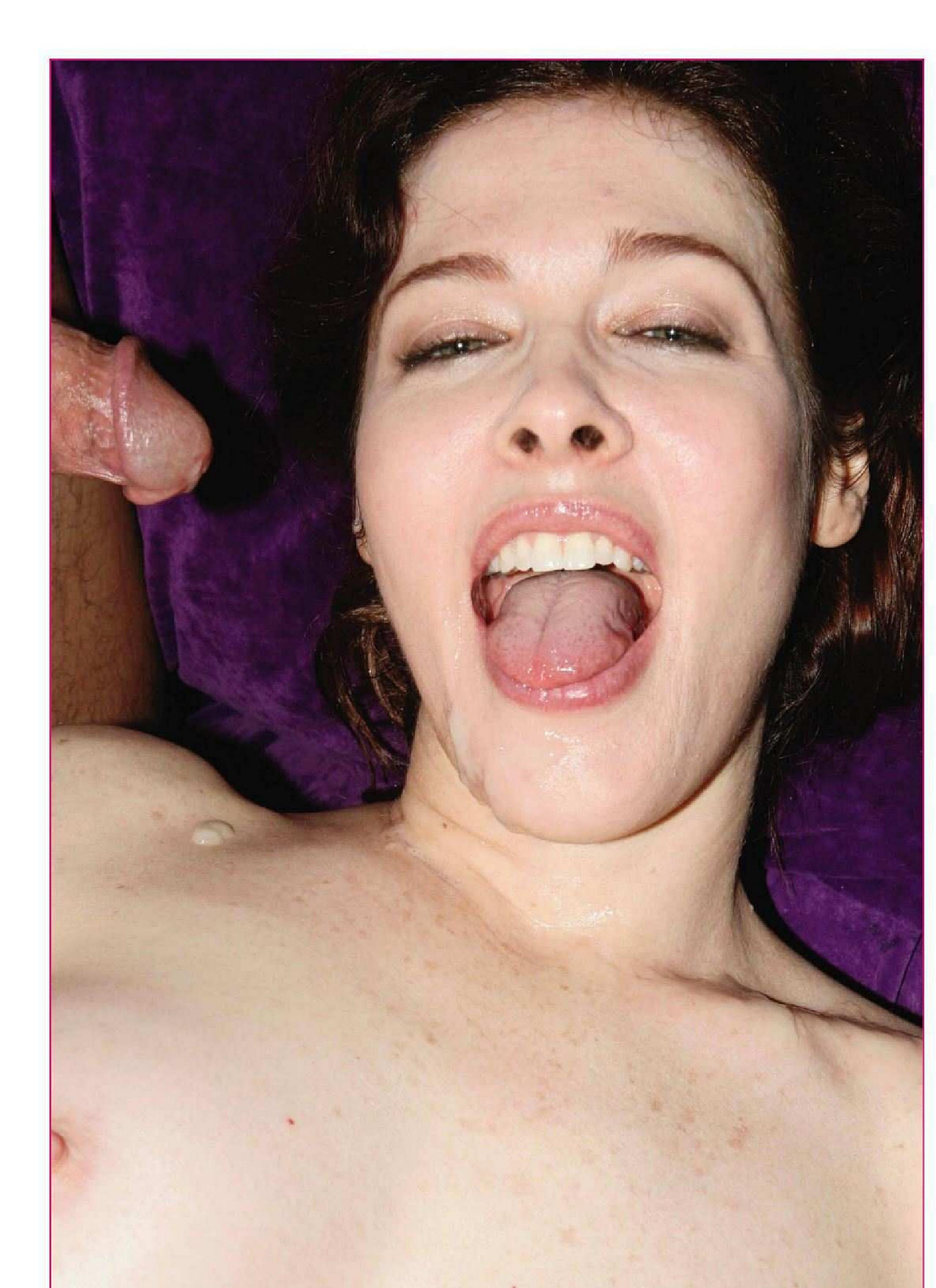


































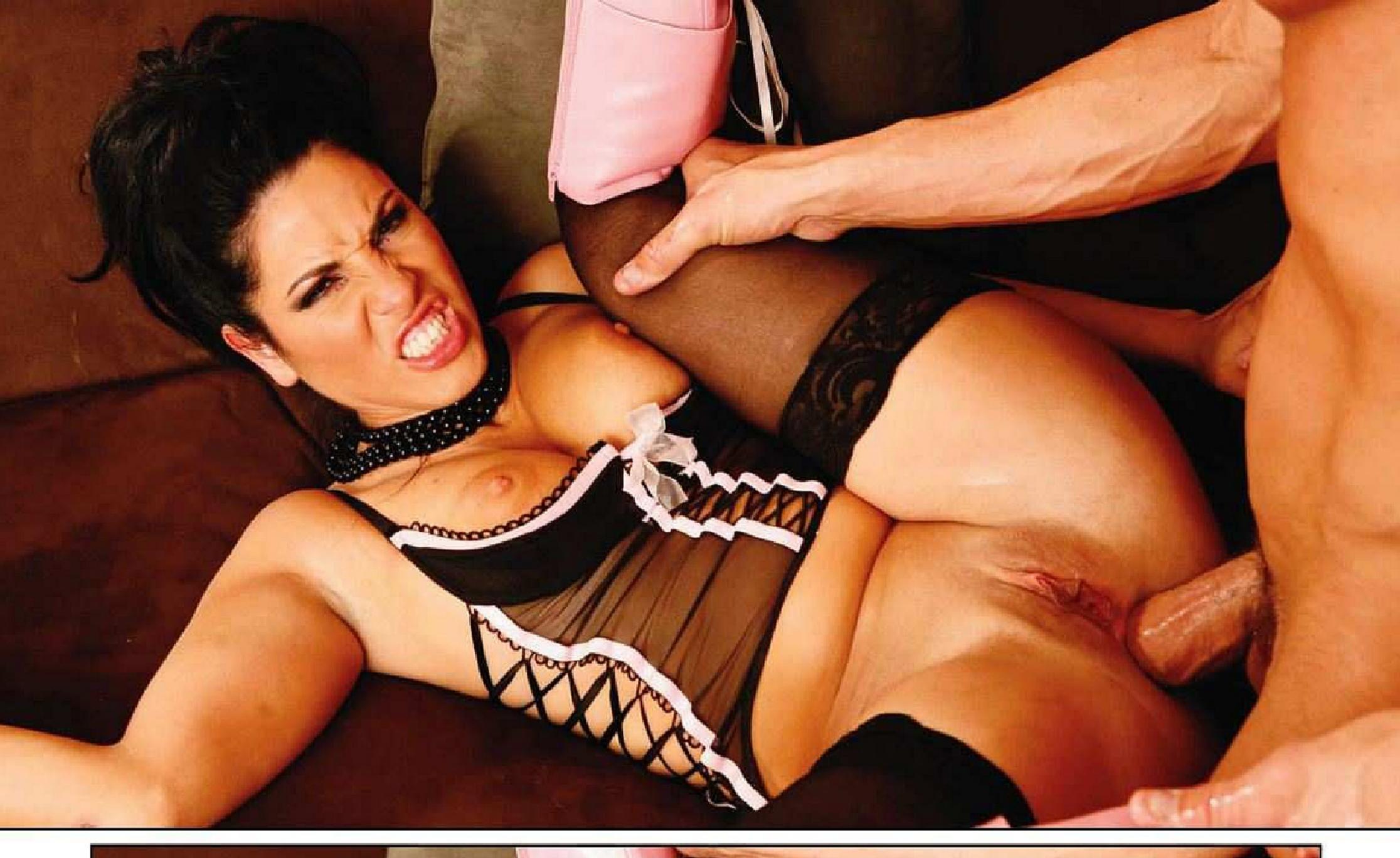














She doesn't stop. One ass fuck is not enough and Veronica demands the hot cock stay inside her ass until she's brought

herself to another orgasm.





















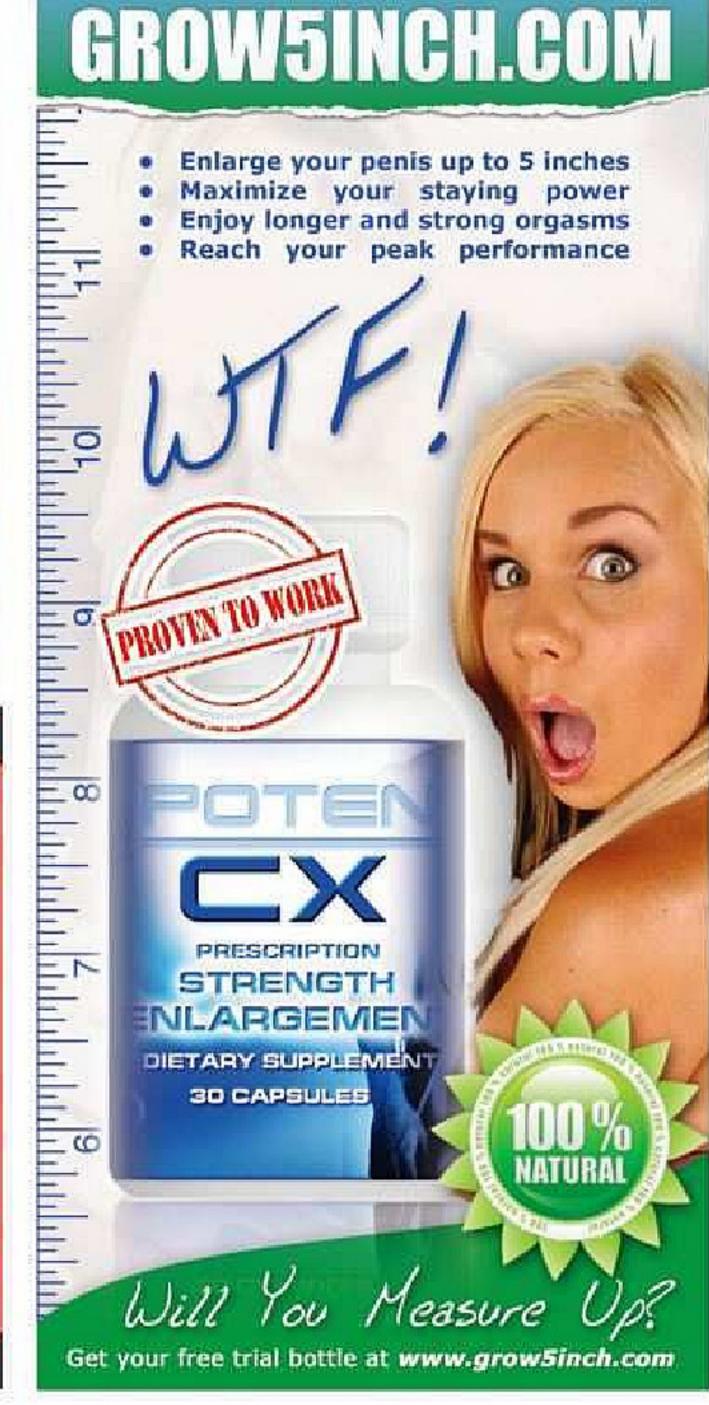








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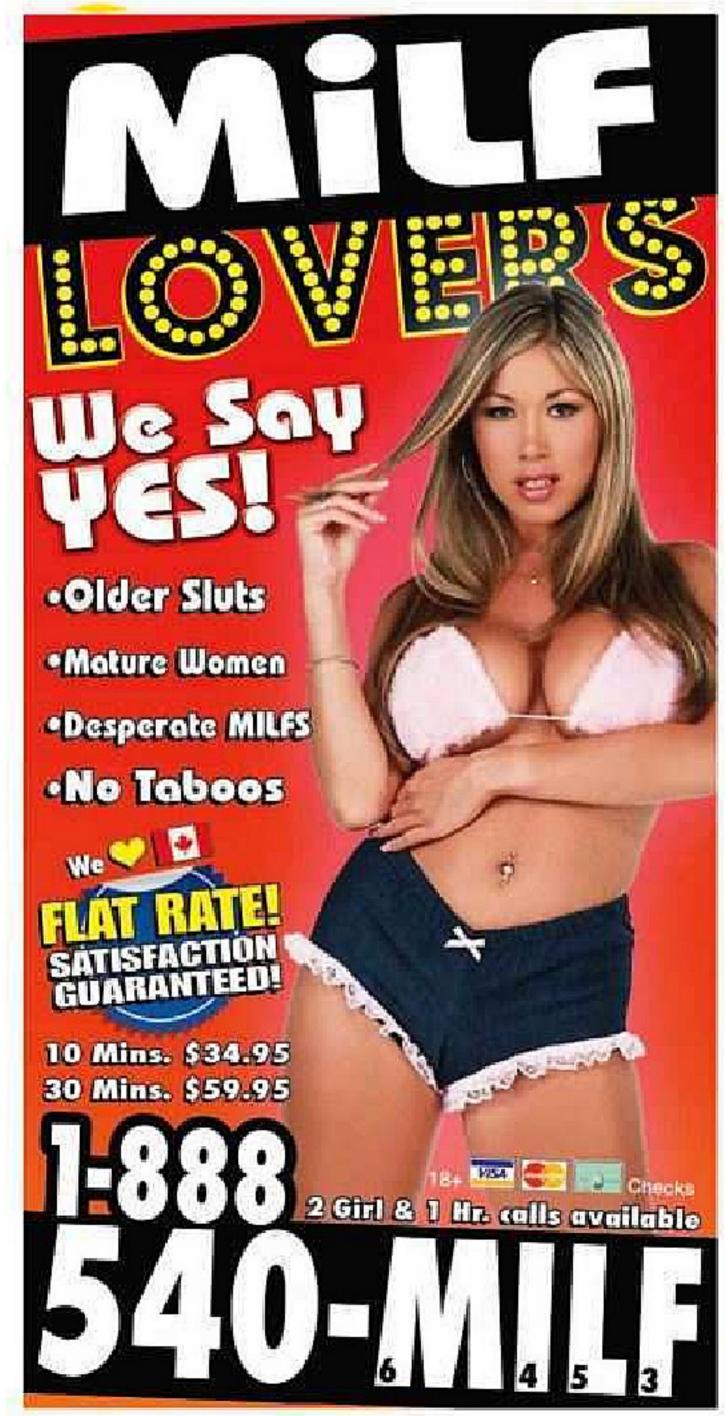
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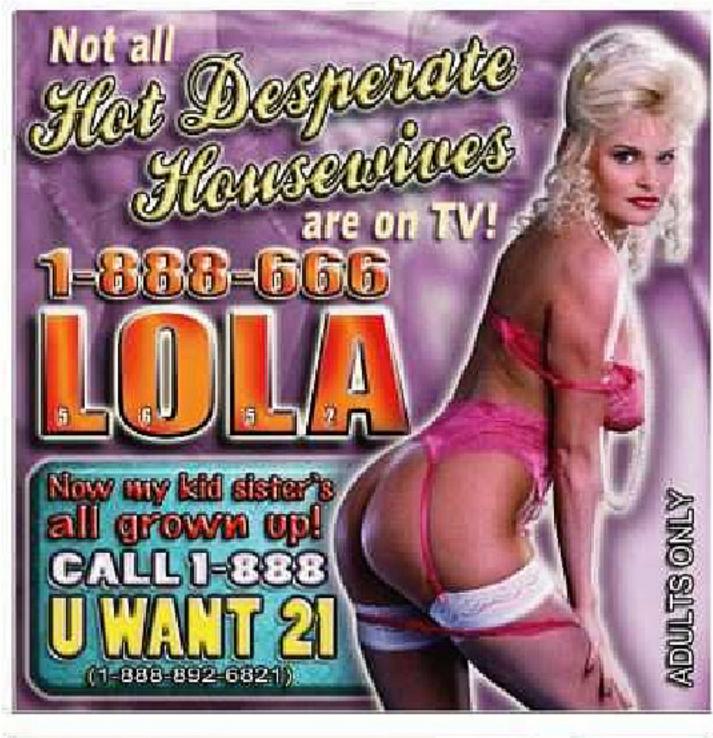
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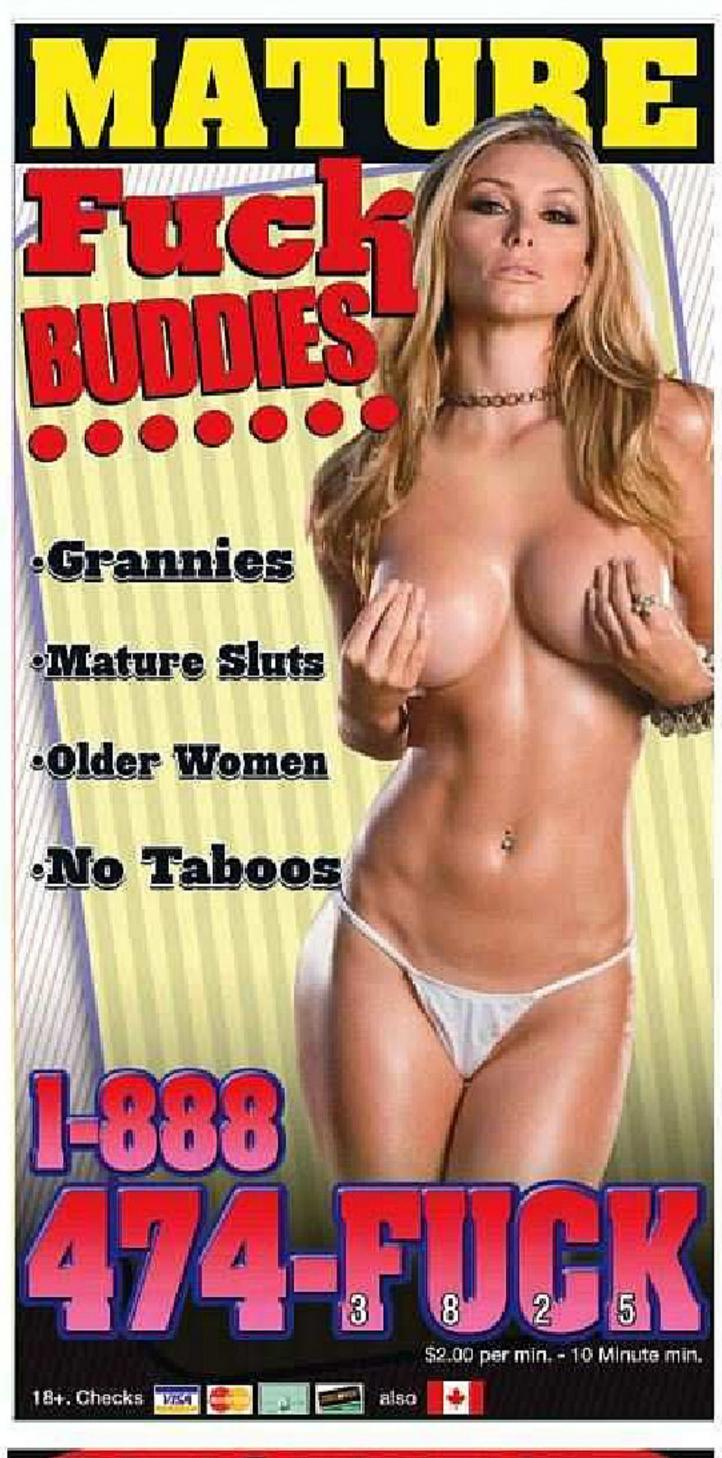


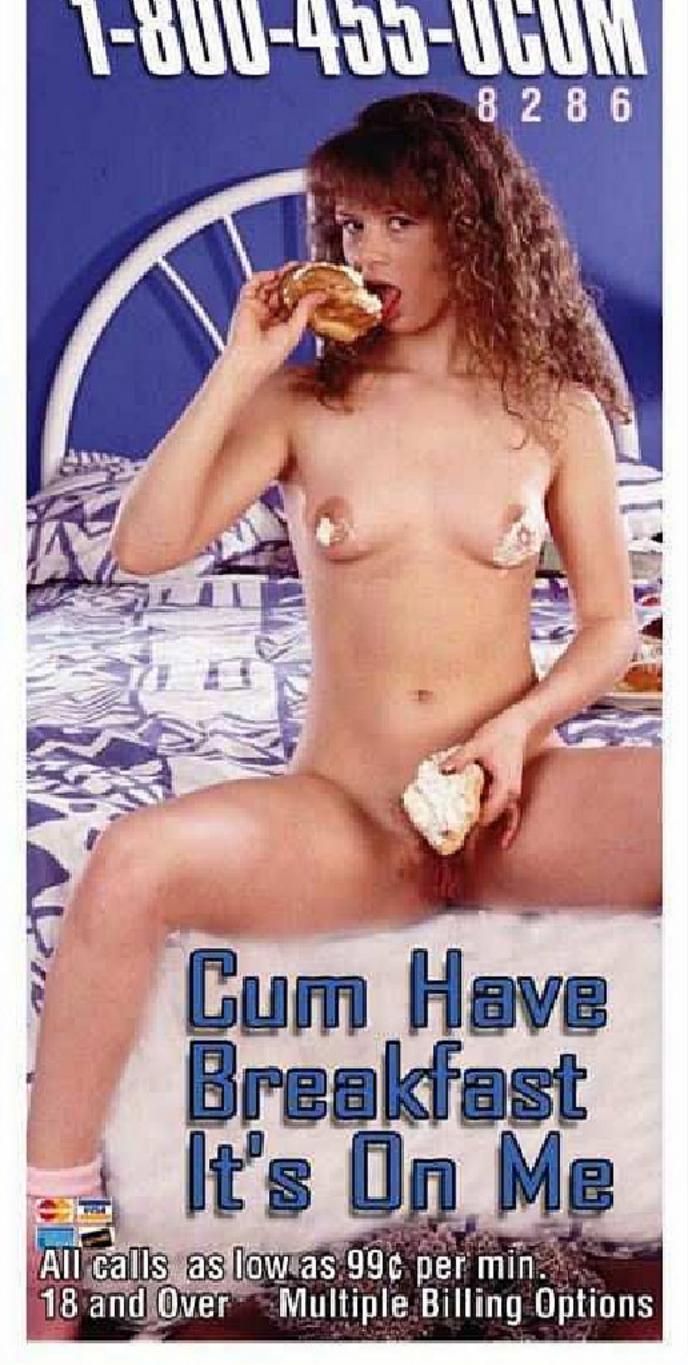
















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Older women? What about wiser, wilder, wanton women? Because I'm quite prepared to admit that I have every intention of becoming a dirty old woman. Of course I use the word "dirty" rather loosely. I suppose what I really mean is that I expect to still be interested in all things sexual (and essentially all things kinky) right to the bitter end! I've certainly become more passionate with age and more interested in experimentation. Don't get me wrong— I've always been highly sexed but it's only in recent years that I've developed the poise, the self-assurance, to be comfortable with my downright horniness! And while I still enjoy "vanilla sex", I enjoy even more exploring my naturally kinky nature and if it's with a man who's younger than me (sometimes CONSIDERABLY younger than me) then so much the better.

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Words To Get You Off

The MILF

I'd been at the party for no more than a couple of minutes when my hostess dragged me by the arm and said "Rod, come meet a fellow singer, she's dying to meet you".

And she introduced me to someone she called Serena. "Serena," said Mrs Bradshaw, "this is Rod, he's a singer and he's dying to meet you."

So we had two people "dying" to meet each other, which I thought strange, seeing as I'd never met the woman before. But as soon as I saw her, I knew I wanted to fuck her.

She was a MILF, a real cracker, aged around 40, with long blonde hair, a slightly tanned face and arms but not like she'd spent hours in the sun, baking. And she was wearing one of those slinky, shiny satin dresses that let you see the outline of the body. This dress – it was in bright blue – clung to her pert breasts, not big, pert, and her nipples were straining against the material. She was obviously not wearing a bra. It didn't look as if she was wearing panties, either. Leastways, I couldn't see no visible panty line.

"Hi Rod," she smiled, and I could see she had perfect teeth. "What do you sing?"

I grinned. "I'm half-Irish," I said.
"My other name's Doyle, and when
I'm full of good liqor I sing 'Mother
Machree'. When I'm full of notso-good liqor, I also sing 'Mother
Machree'. And you?"

She laughed at my little joke and her laugh had a sort of musical chime to it. "I sing two songs," she said. "One's 'O Sole Mio', the other isn't!"

Like the friendly guy that I am, I laughed at that joke, too. "We should make music together, Serena," I told her. "That would be fun!" She sipped on what looked like a bourbon and coke, or something similar, and stepped closer to me. "Let's enjoy a couple of drinks and I'll take you away from all this, Rod," she said. "I know a little place upstairs where we can get together. Mind you, it's a little cramped!"

I sipped on my own drink — an Irish whisky, neat — and nodded my agreement. "With a figure like that, Serena," I told the blue-eyed beauty, "the more cramped the better."

We took two drinks from the next passing tray, and after making polite conversation for a few minutes, Serena inclined her head. "See the stairs," she said. "Up you go, I'll follow in a minute. Meet you on the landing upstairs."

I drained my Irish and walked upstairs. In a minute, true to her word, she was beside me, and took me by the hand and into a small room, obviously a study next to a bedroom, by the look of it. Inside, she slid the bolt, and dragged her dress up over her hips. I was right — she wasn't wearing any panties.

"On your knees, Rod, eat me, and when I've cum, you can fuck me," she said. "And don't worry — when I cum, I can be fairly quiet!"

I did as she said, my eyes fixed on her pussy — it was shaved, but not recently, and her light brown pubic hair looked kinda wiry. But she smelled absolutely sensational and I knew I was going to thoroughly enjoying licking at her snatch.

I opened my mouth and licked at her little pubic thatch on her mons, then slid my tongue over her budding little clitoris, between her soaked labial divide and down to her cunt. She was sopping wet there, too, and she started to hump against my tongue, lips and face as I performed for her. Serena was hot

for it, make no mistake!

Soon, she was letting out little whimpers, which I took to be of delight, and then she was bearing down hard on my face, which was smeared with her sex juices by now. And then she came, sopping wet and heavy on my features. She was one helluva tasty meal!

As I'd been licking and kissing and eating at her sweet-smelling snatch, I'd unzipped my trousers and pulled my cock out, ready for my entry into her cunt. So by the time she'd finished cumming, I was as hard as a rock and ready to impale her on my eight-inch, uncut prick.

I stood up, and planted my mouth against hers as I pulled her thighs

thrusts of my cock, as deep as I could plunge it into her cunny, then pulling back almost to the outer lips, before sliding deep within her again. It didn't take long, a couple of minutes, no more, and then I was cumming inside her, with a pulsating climax made all the more exciting because we were making it a standing fuck. I'd not had a standup connection for some time!

Serena produced some tissues from the cleavage of her dress, and cleaned us up a bit, then we went back downstairs and had another drink. Then, before I knew it, Mrs Bradshaw had clapped her hands and while her husband played a piano accompaniment, Serena sang "O Sole Mio", in a nicely-swinging version. She moved around, swing-



apart and nestled the end of my hard-on against her pussy, then drove it down against the wiry pubic hair to her cunt's opening. Then I drove into her, and she replied to my mouth-to-mouth kiss with a hungry, sort of eating-style kiss on my mouth as I penetrated her velvet smoothness.

"Fuck, Rod," she said, as we both broke for air, "that's one thick, meat prick, you're right, we're sure gonna make music when we find somewhere more comfortable for our next fuck!"

And then I started to smack my groin against her pubic mound, banging away with hot, urgent

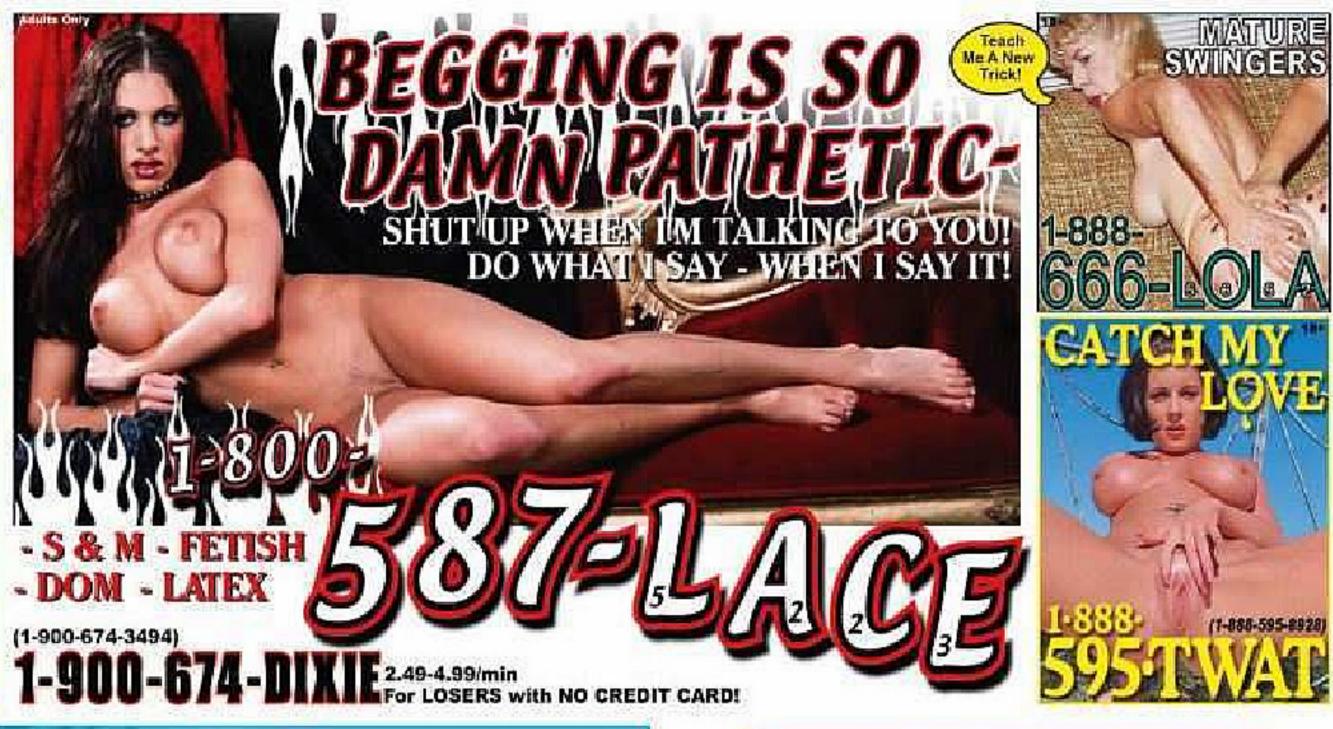
ing her hips in a sexy way as she sang it.

After the applause had died down, Serena came and QlinXked her arm into my. "Now, Mrs Bradshaw," she told our hostess, "Rod and I have to go and make some more music! You will excuse us?"

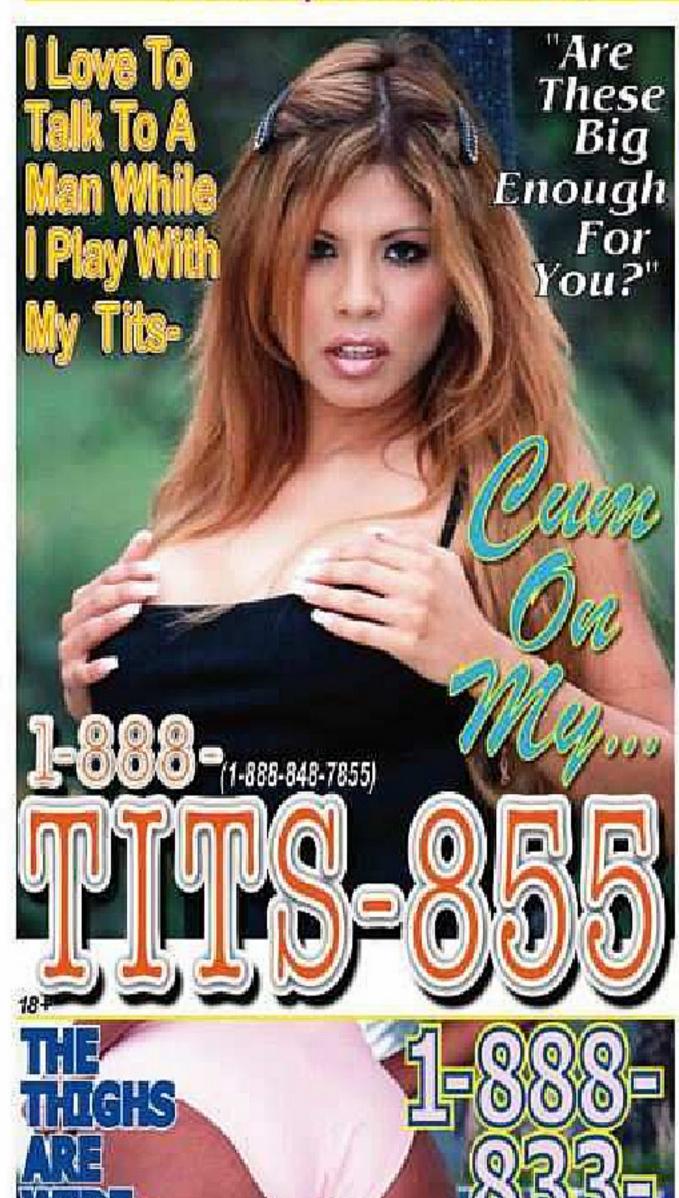
Mrs Bradshaw laughed, and dug me in the ribs. "See, I told you she was dying to met you!"

- Rod Doyle





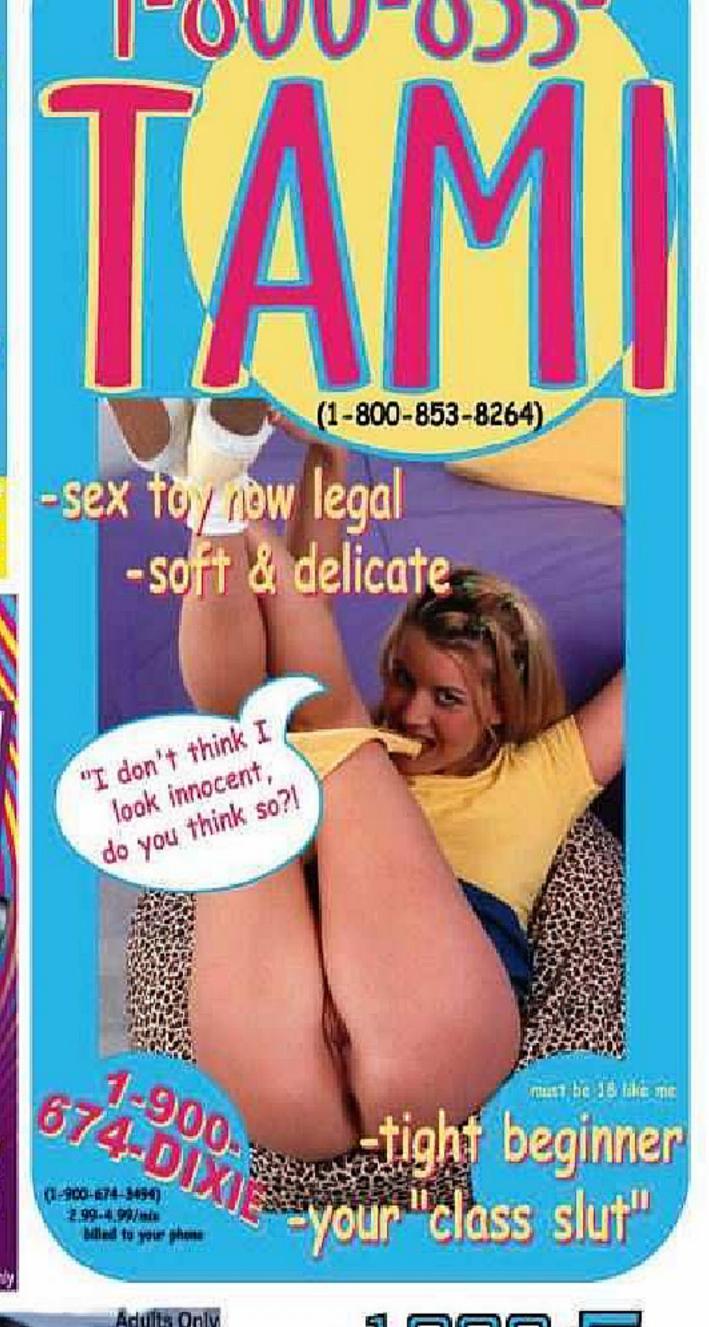




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